Diternture.

John Bull and the Frenchman.

From the New York Weekly Herald.] From the New York Weekly Herald.)

The news of the surresider of Mexico and of its computed by the French trough has thrown the English prints a state of act medium which the Morning Post of at two-care. Lind Palmerston's journal even eving great embarrosament as to applicating this fortune event. Unable to deep its importance, it endeavors quiestrate the good effects that are to be expected from Singular disposition on the part of a ministerial journal St ange attitude for the organ of an allied government:

Peris Le Patric, July 13. The Hiberning Off

John Bull and the Frenchman, we find,
On these points are both of one mind—
That the cause of our Union is rotten
Compared with tobacco and cotton;
That this terrible war ought to cease
At once in a treaty of peace,
Which will let our rebuilbour States go
To the rule of Jeff, Davis & Co.

But John keeps are eye on his brother,
And rether has faith in the other;
Both would like to "pitch in" if they durst,
Just even is arraid to be first.
So John plays the neutral, while Nap,
A sweet and humans sort of chap,
With his olive branch—innecent bibe—
Flexals peace to King Jeff, and Old Abe.

But the neutral professions of John
Ale shabby preferees, put on.
Which hide not, but rather disclose,
The tail of Old Nick and his toos.
His neutrality's war in disguise,
His philanthropy all men despise.
When cotton is at a high figure
He coases to weep for the nigger.

John Bull has two strings to his bow— Uncle 'am and Joff. Davis & Co. He enjoys our legitimate trade, And serves, through old Gideon's blockade His rebel confederates right well For the cotton which they have to sell, But serves them still better—the cheat— In his rebel piratical fleet.

A neutral, of course, he remains,
As he rolls in his ill gottes gains,
As his means and his wits are employed
To have this republic destroyed;
To sever our country in twain,
That he may be lord of the main;
And he dreams when this Union goes down,
Of a reign without end to the Crown.

As the fight of the Kilkenny cats
Was, doubtlees, enjoyed by the rats,
This war is enjoyed by John Bull;
And so long as his pockets are full,
And the robels are serving his ends,
The robels he'll treat as his friends;
But it to their rulu they plunge
He will squeeze them as dry as a sponge.

Such is Bull as a neutral. But how Stands the sharp little Frenchman just now it appears that he stands very well With that vagabond traitor, Sidell, And would strike for King Jeff. any day If Bull would lead off in the fray, And would give even to slavery the track For ten years of Southern tabac.

Meantime into poor Mexico
The Frenchman has slipp'd, as you know,
And set up, perhaps with the hope
Of humbugging Kaiser and Pops—
A Dutchman in purple to rule
As the Viceroy of France, and a tool
Who will not, when wanted, be deaf
To the cause or the claims of King Jeff.

And Texas, perhaps, is the slice By Joff. to be paid, as the price For his kingdom's defence and release In a truce and a treaty of peace. Unce Sam will thus pay for the dance, To the glory of Davis and France, king Davis, King Cotton and all.

But here comes the tent to John Bull, And this project may stick in his wool: Whon reques disagree, it is known, Honost men may recover their own. So England and France, in the tolls Of a sunable concerning the spoils, Of a squabble concerning the speils, Will surely be bauked of their prey, and Justice will carry the day.

The Guerilla Colonel Outwitted By the Temale Spp.

(From the New York Weekly Herald.

But no one doubted on the whole that she Was what her dress beapoke, a dameel fair And fresh and 'beautiful exceedingly'' Who with the brighest Georgians might compare,

"My poor little Bobby, you will never escape through our lines," said Caroline, as I was announc-ing to her my determination of attempting a re-

"I shall make the effort at all events, and if I am caught why then I—I—suppose they can but hang me or shoot me." Here I perceived that my voice was getting husky, and that unconsciously I had put my arm around Carrie's neck, and in my agitation was kissing her black tresses with ur

nform the reader who I am and why I made the above remark. Some years since I left my native State, Vermont, and went to New York, where I entered the drug store of an uncle of mine. In profession I had adopted, and in the summer of 1861 I went to the city of Savannah establish myself in partnership with a gentleman who had for years been a customer of my uncle's, and who offered me a share in his business, as he wished a practical associate, and deemed me quite au fait with drugs. We were doing a good business when this unfortunate war broke out, and after its commencement we made an immense amount of mo-ney—Confederate scrip; but this did not satisfy . I am a loyal Union man, and became at last so disgusted with the rebels that I sold out my share of the drug store at a great bargain, and determined I would leave the country somehow. This was not an easy matter, as the tide of success was now turning against the rebel arms, and

as a consequence all sympathizers with the Union wore hated most intensely.

There was one tie binding me to Dixie, and I must acknowledge that it was a very strong one; but still the desire to revisit the North had become a mania, and although I dearly loved the tie above referred to—Miss Carrie—still I was determined to leave the South. Carrie is a terrible rebel; but, as she and I were lovers before the war broke out, she remained true to her affection, and, spite of the difference of our political opinions, it was perfectly understood that we were to get married at the opportunity. I wished to escape to North, and she was then to join me, a matter of no difficulty to her, as her relatives for me, whom they looked upon as a "cursed Yankee." I had turned all my available means quite a large sum—into good greenbacks, and was sed to make my way through the lines of

the rebel armies.
"My poor little Bobby you will never escape, ne; and to tell the truth, I was very du

said Caroline; and to tell the truth, I was very du-bious as to the result of my venture; but still I was determined I would make the attempt. "I have an idea," said Carrie, with a start and a look of self gratulation. "Yes, I have an excellent idea. If you must go, Bobby, you shall dress yourself in women's apparel; you will then be able to get through the lines without danger of your life, as no Southerner would injure a woman." I was indignant at this proposal, and, drawing up to my full height, assured Carrie that her ides was a ridiculous one. She laughed at my annoyance. "Master Bobby, you are just my size, said she

and I am sure you can wear my dresses; get a nice wig, and with your smooth face you will defy de-tection." Here the teasing romp ranged alongside of me, and truth compels me to acknowledge that she was just my height, fully as stout as I am, and that to my great regret, and spite of ointments and ingredients to make the heard grow, my face was as free from mustache or whiskers as hers. The fact is, I am a very small specimen, but console myself with the idea that all great men have been of small stature.

"Well, Carrie," sighed I, "your suggestion is not a bad one. I will adopt it. Although I am sure I shall make a horrid looking woman."
"You silly thing," asserted Carrie, with vehe-

mence, "you know better. If you weren't nice booking do you suppose I should have fallen in love with such a mite as you are! You will make a alce, pretty girl, and all the young fellows will be in love with you."

I need not dwell here upon the details of our plan; suffice it to say I procured the necessary disguise, and that, provided with a most natural wig and somewhat whitened and rouged, my make up was a most successful one.

I felt aggrieved at this, and embraced her with a vigor which brought a prompt and peremptory:

"Cease this nonsense, sir!" Satisfied with so much of a victory, I subsided into my assumed role and waddled about is that confounded crinoline in a manner which caused Carrie the greatest amusement. That night I took my leave of the dear girl, and in due course of time arrived near the lines of the rebel army. Now came my hour of trouble, and with a heating heart I sat beside the farmer whom I had hired to drive me in his wagon to the extreme outposts. At last the man arrived at a point where he halted, and informed me that he dared go no further.

"You see, Miss, I am afterd these soldiers will take my horse, and I can't afford to lose him.

take my horse, and I can't afford to lose him. They have already seized my best teams, and if they were to take Sorrel I should be in a nice mess." I made no endeavor to persuade the man to go further. I paid him the sum we had agreed upon, and as he turned around and drove quickly back I trudged man—womanfully forward. I passed several greups of soldiers; but they paid little attention to me. It is true that my dress was of a most simple material and that my appearance was not calculated to draw attention to me; still I feared the rude and terribly dirty ragamuffins whom I met. I avoided them, however, and at last felt persuaded that I was safely through the lines. This was a mistake, however. I had not as yet approached them, as I found out to my take my horse, and I can't afford to lose him.

lines. This was a mistake, however. I had not as yet approached them, as I found out to my cost. Turning an angle of the road, I came plump upon a foraging party.

"That's a nice gal," said one of the men. The officer, hearing this, turned around, and, seeing me, came up and said:—

"Well, ma'am, which way?" I became con-

fused, and said I only wished to see the camps.
"Have you a pass?" inquired the young officer.
"No, sir, I have none."

"Whom are you looking for-whom do you wish to see?''
I could give no satisfactory answer to these in-

quiries, and the officer seemed at last to become "Young ladies are not in the habit of running about in this way, I believe," said he, curtly.
"You must come with me to the Colonel's headquarters. It is some distance to the camp, and
you will have to get up behind me."

He was on horseback. I, of course, attempted no opposition. I am sorry to say that I came near betraying myself here. I was on a near betraying myself here. I was on a stump from whence I was to get upon the horse's back, and made, unthinkingly, an effort to straddle the animal. My crinoline prevented the successful carrying out of this purpose. Blushing deeply at my absurd mistake, I assumed a proper position behind the lieutenant. As I did so, I observed that the men were laughing at my blunder.

"That's a high old gal," said one of the ruffians, to the great awarment of these root consider.

to the great amusement of those not occupied searching in the carpet bag I had carried, and which contained a change of all the needed ap-parel. They found nothing suspicious or valuable,

and so the sack was returned to me.
"Here, boys, one of you take care of this," said
the officer, and then we trudged on until we reached the Colonel's quarters. I ascertained that my cap-tors formed the extreme outpost of the rabel army, and that, had I managed to escape them, I could

"Hallo! Jones, who have you there?" said a tall, red-faced officer, as we rode up to the house which was occupied by the Colonel, the tall, red-faced individual in question.

"A young lady whem we found roaming about our lines. She has no pass, and can't tell what she wants, and, as female spies are not natural impossibilities, I thought I would hand the lady over to your care, Colonel."

"You did right sir. Will you please well into

You did right, sir. Will you please walk into this room?" said the Colonel to me. I did as he

"Now, then, miss, what is your object-what do "Well, sir, I only wished to see the camp, a na-tural curiosity, and I ——.". Here the Colonel

interrupted me.

"Yes, sir; we found nothing." I here concluded it was better to attempt a diversion, and so I stam-mered something about a dear friend who was in the army, and whom I had not heard from for s long, oh, se long a time!
"Ah, yes!" said the Colonel, melting at the view

of my tears. "A case of love. Well, well, we will see what can be done for you. You must remain here until to-morrow, and then I will aid you it your search. Come, don't cry. You shall sup with myself and my officers and the colonel of a guerilla band, whom I have invited to share our meal. You can have a room to sleep in, safe from annoyance, and to marrow in, safe from annoyance, and to-morrow we will endeavor to find out something about that dear fellow of yours." Of course could but accede to this proposition, although I was terribly afraid I should betray myself ere the evening was over. I went to the room indicated to me, and arranged my wig, washed my hands and assumed my most maidenly appear ance as the colored servant of the Colonel can to announce to me that supper was ready. As neared the door of the room where that meal was laid I heard a loud voice uttering the following re-

mark:-"Looking for a lover? More likely a spy. I'd and jail if she couldn't give a good account of

herself."
"An interesting looking girl," said the Colonel

in a deprecatory tone.
"All the more likely to be a spy," said the rough voice. "These damned women are smart, I tell you." Here I was ushered in, and the discuscovered, as I must own that in my disguise I look-ed uncommonly like a woman; but I dreaded lest my voice, which was somewhat harsh for that of a female, might awaken the suspicions of the brute whom I had overheard.

whom I had overheard.

"Will you allow me to lead you to a sent," said
the Colonel with great politeness. "Gentlemen, supper is ready." We were soon seated around a very well supplied table, and I must say I enjoyed the meal, spite of my suxiety regarding

my position.

The guerilla was a tall, rough, ugly brute, surely enough, and he gazed at me with a most unplea-sant scowl; but I bore his glance unflinchingly, and at last he assumed a better natured look. The Colonel and his officers treated me with great attention, and long ere the termination of the re-past I felt less uneasy. I was persuaded that from none of them would I meet with bad treatment. By degrees the conversation grew more animated... on the whinkey bottle grew empty—and I now ob-served that more than one of the party were lancing at me in the most affectionate manner. The guerilla, as he became more convivial, grew communicative, and recounted how he and his band had pillaged and burned houses and hung the inmates. I will add, out of justice to the Colonel and his officers, that they in ne way approved of

nice young man you are looking for, ch!"
I made no reply at first, I so hated the ruffian; but
I reflected that it was better to avoid his ill will,
and so I commenced a conversation with him.
He drank freely, and at last became near devoted
in his attention to me. When we all rose from
the table he hastened to offer me his arm, and I
could but accept it. The Colonel and his officers
went out to smoke on the porch. We followed
them, The conversation become more general
here; but it was evident I had made a conquest of
the cuerilla chieffain. He was constantly treading the guerilla chieftain. He was constantly tr upon my feet, to my great annoyance, and when-ever he could catch my eye he winked and blinked

ever he could catch my eye he winked and binned at me in the most significant manner.

"I tell you what, Colonel," said he, interrupting a convenation going on between that gentlemen and myself, "I tell you what, my style of warfare has its good side. I get plenty of booty and run no great risk. I have made some good and run no great risk. I have made some good and run no great risk. I have made some good hauls, and I think I'll look around for a wife now." Here he haw-hawed, and looked at me steadily. I made no response—I hated the brute; but I was afraid of angering him.

A few moments after tha Colonel anneunced to me that I might retire.

me that I might retire.

"I will see that you are not disturbed," said he, "and that you are duly aroused in the morning. We get our breakfast very early. Miss, and you will have to be up with the lart to-morrow. We will see about your friend in the morning." All the officers now pressed around me, and I bade them one and all good night. The guerilla alone said nothing: he was apparently in a brown study. Glad to escape his notice, I hastily followed the black servant to my room.

black servant to my room.

"Good night, missis," said he, with a grin.

"Want your shoes blacked?" I said no, and the fellow retired. Left alone, I reflected sadly upon fellow retired. Left alone, I reflected sadly upon my position, what was to become of me and how should I manage to escape. It was clear that the next morning I should be unable to deceive the Colonel, whose suspicions would then be aroused, and I be detained as a spy, perhaps imprisoned at Richmond. I felt decidedly unconfortable, and was ruminating sadly when I heard a noise at my windew.

Tap, tap, tap. There could be no mistake; there was some one rapping there. I went to the window, and there I saw the dark outline of a man's head and shoulders. When the person saw me approach he tapped more loudly. What could this mean? A sudden thought entered my mind. It was some enterprising gallant, some would-be lover, who, taking me

ing gallant, some would-be lover, who, taking me for a girl, was anxious to attract my attention. I pondered upon it all, and finally concluded it would be better to see the person and endeavor to make him assist me to escape. I opened the win-dow, and, to my intense disgust, ascertained it was the guerilla. He had placed some boards against the side of the house, and had managed to mount

the side of the house, and had managed to mount upon them high enough to just reach my window. "I say, my dear, you are the nicest girl I know," said the fellow, "and if you will come with me I will marry you, so help me jingo. I have a nice farm in Tenpessee; have got a sack full of monsynone of your scrip, but greenbacks—and I will make you the mistress of all I have. You've just takes my fancy, and I'm a man of few words. Get out of this place, come with me, and to-morrow I will marry you, so help me God." It row I will marry you, so help me God." It was evident the man was in earnest. I determined I would escape with him, and that once out I would make an effort to get away from him.
"Will you swear you will deal honorably by

"Will you swear you will deal honorably by me?" I asked.
"I swear I will take you with me to my camp, that you shall be well treated, and that to-morrow I will marry you, all above board. I am in dreadful earnest," said he, with an endeavor to be tender. I no longer heaitated.
"Get down, said I, and turn your back. I will

climb out, and then we must get away as fast as we can." He got off of the boards and turned away. I clambered out as best I could with those confounded skirts and that crinoline. When I reached the ground the ruffian made an effort to

"None of that, or I go in again, I said firmly." "None of that, or I go in again, I said firmly."
He subsided, but asserted with a show of warmth
that I had the nicest ankles in all Virginny. The
wretch had looked, that was evident. However, I
had no time for a display of maidenly reserve, and
so I eagerly inquired how we were to get away.

"I have a little the nicest horse you ever saw,"
said the guerilla. "I shot the Yankee officer
who rode him, and took him in for my own use.
As littly a critic as one would meet with its all.

As likely a critter as one would meet with in all the States. He's hitched up just near here. We'll just take a sup of this drink to the health of Cousin Sally Ann, and then both jump on Nigger, and off we go."

I made a face at the whiskey; but I took a good pull at it, nevertheless, as I was determined I would make an effort to escape from the guerilla. "That's a gal after my own heart," said the fellow as he shook the flask. "Here's to Cousin Sally Ann." I did not know what he meant. but assured him that I was quite ready to drink to his relative's health. He chuckled immoderately

at this.
"Don't you know," said he, "Cousin Bally Ann-C. S. A .-- Confederate States America." lidn't see the-fun of the thing; so I urged our departure. The man went for his horse, a fine animal. I mounted him, and we rode swiftly away. The sentinels challenged us; but the guerilla, of course, knew the countersign, and we were soon far from the outposts. We rode along for some time ere either outposts. We roce along for some time ere either spoke. The guerilla was more than likely affected by the chilliness of the night. I was revolving it my mind plans of escape. Embarrassed by my dress, I felt that to jump off and run were a danger ous experiment.
"We won't get to my camp for some time yet,"

said my companion, at last. "We are nearer the enemy than the army is. You see the country folks sympathize with us and keep us informed of the movements of the Yankees, and show us where all the safe hiding places are."

I made no reply. I was reflecting. I noticed that the dawn was near at hand. The horizon be-came streaked with red lines. Just then we to take to the right.

"Halloo, Nigger!" shouted the guerilla. "You damned fool, do you want to go right into the Yankee camp?" He turned to me. "Ten miles down that road the Yankees are in force. They intend to attack Lee pretty soon, I guess."

Just then an idea catered my head. I acted upon it at once. I saw the revolver the fellow carried was just by my head in its case. I took

carried was just by my hand in its case. I took hold of it, pulled it out and saw that it was loaded. He did not observe this movement.

"I say, my friend, you must let Nigger take that crossroad! I want to reach the Yankee compvery much." My tone was firm and decided. The man evidently understood that I meant mischiel. He endeavored to turn; but I thrust the mustle of the pistol in his ear and said:
"Listen to me. Go down that

"Listen to me. Go down that road to the Tan-kee camp or I will blow your brains out on the 'But, good Lord!" said the fellow, "what does

this all mean? I tell you I'll marry you, gal; I'm a man of my word." "I am no woman. I wish to reach the Union "I am no woman. I wish to reach the Union camp, and if you don't go there I must shoot you and thus get rid of you. Now, I don't want to do this, as through you I have made my escape; but I shall be forced to do so if you don't obey my wishes." The fellow panted with dismay.

"Take that danned pistol away," grumbled he;

"it might go off. It's mighty easy on the truser.

the harvative indulged in by their guest, who at last turned me account to me.

"I say, Miss, what is the name of that mice young man you are looking for, ch!" I made no reply at first, I so hated the ruffian; but I reflected that it was better to avoid his ill will, and so I commenced a conversation with him. He drank freely, and at last becampended devoted in his attention to me. When we all rose from the table he hastened to offer me his arm, and I was sent to prison. As I hade the fellow adieu he could but account it. The Colonel and his officers said, succringly.
"How did I ever take that damned ugly mug fo

a woman's?"

I paid no attention to the compliment, and went on my way rajoleing.

I will add, for the gratification of those who may take an interest in Carrie, that she managed to come North, and that she is now my wife, and rules me with a red of iron. To all my o

"You were the petticoats; I'll wear the what do you come."

The Man Who Wid Not Take o Daper.

[From the New York Weekly Herald.]

I have as nice a little farm as can be found in the State of Minnesota. On the next farm to me is the here of this story (if you please to call it so), the man who did not take a paper. How this man came to take a paper I am going to try to tall

you.

You see, my family is a reading family. Why, when we were on East, the Hanazo used to visit us regularly as the daylight; and, upon my word, we thought it quite as necessary to our existence. But when my means failed, and I had to pull up stakes and move West, I was obliged to give up the DAILY Hanazo. It was about as hard a tug to de so as to leave the old homestead; but, said I to my wife, "the spirit is willing, but the pocket is weak, Mollie"—and so we left the Hanazo behind us with the rest of civilisation.

Well, after we were comfortably settled out here in Minnesota, we began to feel the need of reading matter. Books were few, and the papers we received from the East, once in a while, only served to whet our appetites. Now, I needed an agricultural paper to give me a hint about farm matters now and then. But I also needed a newspaper; for I tell you I felt behind the age without the news. My wife and the girls agreed with me about this; but, like obstinate creatures, as all women, are more or less, they gave their votes for a story paper. "Well," said I to them, says I, "we cannot afford to take three papers. In fact, it's going to be a hard pull to take one. So settle this matter between you, or the upshot of it will be that we won't take any paper at all." They stuck out and I stuck out, and there we were, after all the palayer, without any paper

At last I went down to the village store one day, and who should I meet there but the post-master, who was getting up a club for the Werk-Ly Heraldo. "Let me see that paper," said I; "maybe I'll join in the club." "Here's a copy," said he, "and you can take it home with you." I tell you I read that paper all the way home. There was news on the first page and agri-culture on the last page, and stories inside, and reading matter enough to last us a week on every page. "Get along, Little Mac," said I to my poney; "I guess I've got the right paper at last." My wife thought so too. So did the girls. Come to look at the price, it was so cheap that I found I could pay it right off without waiting till after I could pay it right off without waiting till after harvest. What do you think I did then? Het ha! Why, I hitched up Little Mac again and drove back six miles to the village, all in a flurry for fear that club had been filled up while I was gone. "Put my name down," said I to the postmaster. "All right," said he. "Here's the money," said I, handing him the only Eastern bill I had about me. "All right," said he again, giving me the change. And then off home I drove, as proud as a crow in a gutter, as my wife told me when I came into the house.

After tea I went across fields to see my neigh-

when I came into the house.

After tea I went across fields to see my neighbor Humphreys. We talked about the farm, the crops and all those things, and tried to get up a dicker, but couldn't. Then, as I was a whittling, I told him about my paper, and advised him to put his name down, too. "Not a bit of it," said he. "Why not?" said I. "Oh," said he, "I've done without a paper, and a live heart all the live had a live in the live had a live had a live in the live had a live in the live had a live in the live had a live in the live had a live

any good schools out here; and paper takes the place of them. Then, again it answers instead of books, which are confound edly expensive and hard to get in the country. Then, again, it keeps you posted up about news

"I can hear all the news I want to down at the village," said he, interrupting; "and that reminds me I'm going there to-night to learn what's doing

in Congress."
"Oho," said I, "there it is again. Better save time and horseffesh, and wear and tear of wagon by getting the news out of a paper. Why, Hamphreys," said i, poking him with my finger,
"you'll spend more money liquoring down at the
village while hearing the news than would buy a

paper."
"Get out," said he; "I don't see it. Maybe you're an agent." And so off he walked, a little huffy. What a read I had that night after the huny. What a read I and that night after the girls had gone to sleep! Ha! ha! Guess I took the worth of one year's subscription that first night, if I'm not mistaken. And my wife! Well, she couldn't have been more delighted if she had she couldn't have been more delighted if she had found a fortune. I do believe the girls were repeating the poetry over in their sleep, so lickled were they with the nice verses they read in that paper. About twelve o'clock, just as I was kicking off my boots to turn in, I heard Humphrays drive past like mad. "Seems to me the news has kinder got into his head, by the way he drives," said I. chuckling to myself. "That village steep in the life of the life of

the East, and who is writing this out for me and giving the grammar and spelling a touch here and there—my nephew says that I had better ship a little time to make my story shorter. Suppose we say three mouths? By that time I had talked to a say three mouths? By that time I had talked to a great many neighbors about as I had talked to Humphreys; and what with my talk and the pest-master's and a big handbill stuck up in the store, the Wasselv Humals had a full club of subscribers. But do what I would I couldn't get Humphreys to join in with us. He wouldn't take a paper, and he didn't take a paper, but picked up what now he could by hearany, and said he saved money by it.

One day, some mouths after, as I was gaing in from work to get a drinkef buttermilk, who should I meet coming acress lots to our home with a

I meet coming acress lots to our home with a paper in her hand but Mrs. Humphreys. "Geing ever to our house?" mid I to her. "Tea," said she, "I'm going to take your paper home." "What paper" said I. "Why, the Westly Hanale," paper?" anid I. "Why, the water is and she. "We borrow it regularly, and one of the girls rends as the stories while we sew. I do so wish Humphreys would take it," said she, "I dou's high him." I laughted to the stories with him." I laughted to the stories with him." think the expense would kill him." I laughted a

place and took a look at our kitchen garden. I noticed him inspecting some odd

Plants I had "been the shouted out," I say, what's this thing? It isn't corn, is it?"
"No," said I, "it aint corn. It's sorghum

"Sort of sugar cane," said I. "We're going to

"You don't say so," said Humphreys. "Why,

"Agricultural Bureau, Patent Office, Washington, District of Columbia," said I, repeating the directions as I had written it on a letter I had

"Didn't know there was such a bureau," said

"Didn't know there was such a bureau."
Humphreys.

"Oh, I suppose not," said I. "You don't take
the papers and oan't be expected to know much."
At this he grunted a little and I chuckled quietiy. By and by he moved around the garden and
looked at my onlows. I watched him, and was
about ready for him, when I saw him pull one up
and measure it.

"What confounded fine onlons you have," said
he. "Twice the size of mine, I declare."

"All comes from using the right kind of manure," said I, quietly.

"What kind of manure do you use now?" said
he.

"Wood ashes, instead of dung," I answered; and I plant a lot of parmips among the onlons."
"Who told you that dodge?" asked Humphreys
"Why, a friend of mine, who drops in once

eek and posts ms up."
"You don't tell me that! Why, who is it?" "Somebody you refuse to have in your house, and so I'm glad enough to have him help me get

ahead of you."

This bothered Humphreys completely. He couldn't imagine what I was driving at. At last he blurted out, "What under the sun do you mean,

Tom?"

"Why, I mean the Weerly Herald," said I.
"That is the friend who gives me good advice."
Before I had done speaking Humphreys had turned away in a rage; but just as he passed the house his little boy came running up and shouted to my wife through the window, "Mother wants to know if you'll lend her the Hazard to-day?"
That settled poor Humphreys. He gave his son and heir a cuff on the head and struck for his own house on a trot, before I could get a chance to joke him about it.

For some time after, this pothing was said shout.

For some time after this nothing was said about the papers, because it was a sore subject with Humphreys. One morning he came over to see me, and talked about some trees we had been transplanting from the woods to our dooryards. Trees are not very numerous in our section, and we wanted a few set out around our houses for shade. I knew something had gone wrong with Humphreys as soon as he came into the barn, and so I wasn't surprised when he said,

"Three of my trees are dead, and most of the

"That's too bad," said I. "How did you fix "Fix them?" said Humphreys; "all I have done

is to water the roots."
At this I gave a low whistle, and then dr my pitchfork and asked him to come and see my

There they were, in as good order as I could wish. I had tied strings of straw around their trunks and branches, and these I watered every day, letting the water run-down the bark. Then I had put up boards on the sunny side of the youngest trees to shade them from the sun. Humphreys looked and wondered, and measured, so as to fix his trees in the same way.

"Well," said be, at length, "this beats all ever saw. Where did you get the idea of these gim-

Waskit Hanald? Guess I can save some of my trees yet."

I lent him that paper, and another and another, and by and by he got into the habit of horrowing my Herallo protity regularly. I didn't think this a fair thing, as the papers got massed and torn, and I wanted to save them see reference. I total Humphreys what I thought pretty plainly, and saked him to join in the next year's club and take the paper too. "No." he replied. "I can't afford it," and so the matter ended. But he didn't borrow my paper any more unless I offered it to him.

Time passed on and I planted a great deel of winter wheat on the strength of the Humald's report that wheat would be searce that year. Humphreys laughed at this and to'd me I would lose bytt. He was mistaken, and I was set. In a few months speculators came up the river buying wheat. They went to Humphreys and beight what little he had at a first rate price. Then they

Hacetine.

PRILLOGICAL AND ASTRILLOGICAL NO PROCESSION OF THE STREET ritriol.
real times been asked. How to keep coo.
The best way, perhaps, is to abstal
food, as by this means you can new

instance. This may be easily done by throwing as ontal border on them. Nice Ascessmer you a Schmar Day.—Make your tions jump out of their skins, after which refresh of with pickied boots, and fling one of the ci

colons jump out of their skins, after when retreat yourself with pickied boots, and fling one of the children
down a wall. Should any one object, remind them than
"Youth will have his Ring."
THE PLANFIED PURLETS.—BOX.
Orris root should always be planted orris-ontally; for
this purpose it should always be planted orris-ontally; for
this purpose it should always be planted orris-ontally; for
this purpose it should be inid straight in alternate atrasts.
At this time of the year dogs are apt to go mai, but be
careful when its your garden, for there is a plant shat is
madder.

Bats, if very iroublecome, may always be tamed by
singing "Batti, bath!"
Furrar in Saason.—Apples, oranges, ginger beer, lemonfide typhoons and tiddly while. (These has very fine.)

ANEWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DAN DES.—Cart greene and caviar, mixed in equal preportions, makes a delicious peomstum for the hair. On
spellestion yes will the assistence.

Classo Ass wants to know how to study Latin scoldents are let in.

Tazow Box.—You are mistaken; dibe is not the Treach
for money.

THE WEEKLY HERALD The Best and Cheapest Newspaper in the World.

THE WHERLY HERALD is published every

por line, will be inserted in the Winner Hunden.

STORE TURF

Ranaroda, August 5, 1869.
The third day's racing of this meeting came of to-send was equally as well attended at the preceding to be weather was very fine until after the first beat of the cond race was decided, when a heavy thunder ster

second race was decided, when a heavy hunder storm, accompanied by terrents of rain, came on, and caused a suspension of the running for about an hour, and a general retreat of the fair portion of the visitors from the command of the running for about an hour, and a general retreat of the fair portion of the visitors from the command of the retreatment in a very department that have characterised the meeting were observable.

The first race was a sweepstakes for three year cits, and the first race was a sweepstakes for three year cits, P. horris' b. c. Surprise, by Imp. Bonnie Stotiand, out of Young Fashion: F. G. Murphy's ch. C. Southerner, by Cliver, dars by Imp. Trunces, John M. Clay's br. c. Lest. by Yorkshire, dam Topac, by Glencoe; J. S. Watson's ch. C. Aldebaran, by Commodore, dam Neanis Lewis, by Glencoe; J. S. Watson's br. f. by Loxington, dam Katsan Hays, by Abbios.

Lodi was an absence, being amim, and Mr. Watson selected Aldebaran to represent his interests, and togs the Loxington fity in the stable. Aldebaran was the favoring for \$15. A good deal of betting took pines between Southerner and Surprise, the former being backed at \$100 to \$80 to best the latter in their pinces.

attendance as its producement. Indeed, the imp has been a complete success, sittle as regur-ty of the racing, the large and fishionable a received, or the admirable and liberal manage abaracterised it. Next year, we understand, femilion of the proprietor of the meeting to pu-lay out a new track, which will be free free